Bring me the Sattin Coffin ; lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow ; hie thee, whiles I say
A prieſtly farwell to her : ſodainely, woman.
2. Sir we have a Cheſt beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.
Per. I thanke thee : Mariner ſay, what Coaſt is this ?
2 We are neere *Tharſus*.
Per. Thither gentle Marriner,
Alter thy courſe for *Tyre* : when canſt thou reach it ?
2. By breake of day, if the winde ceaſe.
Per. O make for *Tharſus*,
There will I viſite *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus* ; there Ile leave it
At carefull nurſing : goe thy wayes good Marriner,
Ile bring the body preſently. *Exit*

Enter Lord Cerymon with a ſervant.

Cer. *Phylemon*, hoe.

Enter Phylemon.

Phyl. Doth my Lord call ?
Cer. Get fire and meate for theſe poore men,
It hath beene a turbulent and ſtormy night.
Ser. I have beene in many ; but ſuch a night as this,
Till now, I neare endured.
Cer. Your Maſter will be dead eare you returne,
Ther's nothing can be miniſtred to nature,
That can recover him : give this to the Apothecary,
And tell it how me workes.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.
2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordſhip.
Cer. Gentlemen, why doe you ſtirre ſo early ?
1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings ſtanding bleeke upon the ſea,
Shooke as if the earth did quake :
The very principles did ſeeme to rend and all to topple,
Pure ſurprize and feare, made me to leave the houſe.

2. *Gent.* That is the cauſe we
Tis not our husbandry.
Cer. O you ſay well.
1. *Gent.* But I much marvail
Having rich attire about you, ſ
Shake off the golden ſlumber o
Nature ſhould be ſo converſant
Being thereto not compelled.
Cer. I hold it ever Vertue an
Were endowments greater, t
Careleſſe heires may the two la
But immortality attends the fo
Making a Man a God :
Tis knowne, I ever have ſtudie
Through which ſecret Art, by
I have together with my practi
To me and to my aide, the beſt
In Vegitives, in Mettals, Ston
Diſturbances that Nature work
Which doth give me a more co
Then to be thirſty after totteri
Or tie my pleaſures up in ſilke
To pleaſe the Foole and Deat
2. *Gent.* Your honour hath t
Powred forth your charity, an
Your Creatures ; who by you
And not your knowledge, you
But even your purſe ſtill open,
Such ſtrong renowne, as neve

Enter two or th

Ser. So, lift there.
Ser. What's that ?
Cer. Sir, even now did
This Cheſt ; tis of ſome wr
Cer. Set it downe, let u
2. *Gent.* Tis like a Coffi

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